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BY

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TO
SIDNEY ERNEST WATERMAN

"It contains nothing that I know of but truth of fact and sentiment, and I have always found that the honest truth of one mind had a certain attraction in it for every other mind that loved truth honestly."

These are the words of Thomas Carlyle : let them suffice as the text of this book.

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The Publishers desire to state that the Author is alone responsible for the opinions expressed in this work. And the Author wishes to make it clear that in no instance has he solicited any communication referred to in these pages.

TOO MUCH DOCTORING

BEFORE the tribunal of truth the professor and the layman are judged alike. There, a man's accomplishments are counted, not his pretensions. There, the warrant of a piece of parchment will be scrutinized, when it may prove to be a badge of misdirected skill or stark stupidity. Held to the light of reason, credentials are examined for the motives they represent, and not for the material gain which accrues to them.

No favour is shown in that high court save what is due to honest deeds—the scales of justice weigh with stern exactitude. Souls are sifted there to the last particle, and none can escape the verdict which awaits the search. Voices that had pleaded to deaf ears will be listened to with reverence, because of the fervour of their message and its service to mankind.

Our qualities are what they are; they acquire no more distinction by the endorsement of a cult. An illiterate peasant may stand unique among the multitude by the possession of some surpassing gift. Genius is indifferent to diplomas; intuition is of the spirit, a nature of its own, impossible to trammel or make greater by a tab or riband. Strip men of their encumbrances of custom and we find them graded solely by their earnestness for the advancement of the world. Men enter colleges and emerge

from them, and yet may lack the wit of those who learn their lessons in the school of life. After all is said, the most precious testament is a record of right endeavour, pursued for its own sake—does it matter by whom rendered, or from what station?

Convention has its place in the social order certainly, yet within its pale the seeds of error flourish with strange tenacity. We see how its ramparts are defended through the ages, as the bounds of a holy city, though the truth be mocked and reason be defied. Institutions are maintained long after their original purposes have been forgotten, or by corruption are made unrecognizable, and yet assume prerogatives to determine thought and action. We know how ignorance is brazenly exploited even in these days, for which fact the soul of sympathy is stirred to enlighten the deluded and oppressed.

He treads a thorny path who quits the common road; he is a lonely figure in the world. But there is a task for every one to do, and comfort remains with him who sets about it, trusting to reason as his guide and fearless of results. To me it has been given to consider the phenomenon of disease, its causes and methods of control, and to observe the conventional attitude towards the fact of human suffering.

In considering the work of medical science as practised at the present day, I am forced to a train of perplexed inquiry. Is the conquest of disease attempted in conformity with truth and reason? Are the high ideals of doctoring preserved with scrupulous fidelity? Why is suffering rampant and

perfect health conspicuously rare? Why are the interests of professionalism merged in a gigantic corporation, with influence tyrannous enough to command kings and rulers to subservience? Why should it be told that the highest in the land drink, or eat, or stay, or travel, at the bidding of those who, naked, are perhaps of only average clay? Why are the actual and conjectural needs of doctoring so diversified, and so insistently imposed upon the public mind, as to evoke suspicions of a sacred calling? Why have the people been kept in darkness on matters which admit of individual care? Whence comes the ordinance—until to obey it is a habit—that, being ill, a man should turn to others for assistance, even for a trivial mishap, and beg help from those who perchance are helpless with their own condition? While by our civilization the art of healing should be restricted to its few necessities—as it was in the distant past—how has it become a tremendous traffic, so that its power and policy are viewed by many with apprehension and distrust?

There can be no doubt that medical practice has fallen from its high estate. This is a truth discussed in the open street and agreed to by a widening circle. Doctoring is made the subject of derogatory jests, when it should be an invocation to respect. In the minds of some it is dismissed as a trade and a means to a thriving livelihood. Nor are reproach and levity wholly undeserved. The ancient Temple of Hygeia is threatened with decay; its corner-stone is shaken, and its walls are woefully defaced. The hallowed names which once adorned

its portals are almost indecipherable. Hippocrates and Æsculapius are not the monitors they were, save to a noble few, and a babble of speculation supplants the calm philosophy of old. Science is presented in a magical guise, its spirit has been seduced from the lofty principles by which it shone, and the revered traditions of medical practice will be restored only by a fresh enthusiasm for simplicity, in obedience to nature's laws.

At the present time the conquest of disease is attempted by expedients which offend the rules of reason and the dictates of humanity. By facts with which I am made daily intimate, of what transpires in secret, or where the curtains have been publicly withdrawn, and by what lowers the popular estimate of doctoring, I can produce unquestionable evidence to show that in various respects professionalism has become a spectacular industry, by which miracles of imagination are advertised and staged, as if the sum of human woe were to be diminished by pageants, poses, and sleight-of-hand.

Is this unreasonable criticism, is it harsh upon the collective membership of the profession? Tribute is laid freely at the feet of those who have kept to the righteous path in ministering to disease; censure is directed only upon methods which are wrong in principle and application. The task undertaken in these pages is prompted by a sense of urgent duty; I must tell of extravagances and vain resorts such as blemish a noble occupation.

Consider the common scourge of civilization—would it exist if medical practice were consistent

with its claims? Would it be possible for any human being to endure the curse of constipation for nearly seventy years if it were not that its conventional treatment is a grievous reproach to the profession? In the case I cite this dangerous disorder—removable in a week or two—was in fact encouraged at the direction of those who, by their failure to deal with the trouble, had forfeited a proper right to the possession of their credentials. The poor creature to whom I allude paid money, year by year, for empty promises—which left her to suffer from lassitude, blood-pressure, an irritable heart, and constant noises in her head—so that it was not until she had reached old age that she came to the path so long desired, and then it was by the guidance of an uncertificated hand.

The bane of this woman's life had been established in infancy; she was purged as a mite, she was dosed as a girl, and dosed thereafter—she was a victim of too much doctoring. No mechanical contrivance could be induced to move for a moment in the situation which sentenced this human engine to nearly seventy years of misery. Her distress was regarded as a trifling interruption to her peace, no doubt, and not as a portent of dreadful penalties, or her advisers would have shown alarm at her condition. Yet not one of them had stumbled on the truth, nor refused his fees for his errors of omission or commission.

The cure of constipation is assured by rational dieting—there is no need to ask another to tell you what he may not know. "I am fifty years of age,"

writes a man who has learnt to treat himself, “and I suffered from constipation for thirty years. When no amount of doctoring could alleviate my complaint, much less remove it, I turned my thoughts to books by laymen. Among those that I studied your works caught my fancy, and I at once began to test your methods, and, though I have been acting up to your teaching for about a fortnight only, I already appear to have come to the end of my trouble. You have, indeed, placed mankind under a debt of gratitude by publishing your experiences.”

Suppose the purport of this letter is applied to commercial transactions; imagine the owner of a car complaining to a firm of engineers to this effect:—

“I must remind you that my Rolls Royce has been in your hands for repair during a whole generation, and that, in spite of promises to do the work expected of you by your qualifications, you have made no sign of returning my property in a condition suitable for use. You have received payments from me repeatedly, by reason of your plausible assurances and my foolish belief in them; but it appears that you are incapable of carrying out the job with which you were entrusted when I was a youth.” What should we say of trade conducted on such lines?

Or what shall be thought of the following from a grateful Londoner? “I have not taken any medicine this year,” he writes; “the trouble of twenty-five years has completely gone. This happy state is entirely due to your valuable assistance. It was not easy to get the functional machinery to work naturally after so many years of ill-usage; but

I gave it every chance, and the response has been complete.”

From this we gather that for a quarter of a century the sufferer had submitted to professional tinkering, and that at the expense of a few shillings he might have been freed from his burden, as he has at last discovered. Now, with opened eyes, the man complains of his ill-usage, as well he might, and with sad reason dwells upon the wasted past. At this moment there are millions who have made the same bad bargain in trusting to methods which are an offence against the first principle of health.

“My mother,” writes a woman, “is nearly eighty years of age, and has been cured of constipation by your teaching ; in her case results followed at once. And some time ago a friend came to stay with us ; I found she was trying three different remedies for constipation. She got relief in a week from following your advice, and now gets normal functioning daily. She is literally a new woman.”

“Not a drug of any sort have I taken for a month,” states a man of seventy-five years old ; “what am I to think of this wonder when I have been to doctors for the past sixty years, in pain, due to that one abiding curse ?”

Were it not for the abiding curse—which is allowed to abide by professional misconception of its seriousness—the vocation of doctoring might be enormously restricted ; for it is by constipation and its consequences that the physician, the surgeon, and the research worker chiefly live. These words are penned after twenty years of absolute abstention

from physic and nostrums of every sort and kind, by which resolve a new manhood has been granted to me in exchange for its former wretchedness.

Or consider the methods of orthodoxy from another angle. "I am suffering from rheumatoid arthritis," says an appealing creature, "and for years I have been looking in vain for relief. Six years ago I went under the treatment of a London specialist, but to no effect. Then I was ordered to take a course of baths at Buxton, but I got no better. After that I went through a course of very drastic massage, which left me in a worse state than before. I was told that I needed only courage to be cured, and I think I showed it. I bore thirty periods of torture, during which I was stretched and rubbed, and strenuous attempts were made to press my knee straight, the operator using the greatest force. He assured me I should be cured in the end, and advised a further thirty treatments; but I had already gone through too much suffering.

"I then consulted a second well-known specialist, who advised injections from a serum made from one's own urine, as well as the removal of my teeth, and doses of a certain powder to kill germs in the digestive tract; and these were to be taken with liquid paraffin. I had six teeth removed, but no disease was found in them, and the remainder were filled. Ten times I was injected with the serum, which so badly disagreed with me that I fainted twice, at which the specialist said he was puzzled.

"Then my mother asked him to X-ray me, and I was sent to a surgeon. The specialist and he

agreed that I should go into a hospital, where I was operated on, my appendix being removed. Now I am slowly recuperating, having come to this sea-side place for a change. But the arthritis has been much worse than before; it has developed in other joints—in fact, it is all over me. The specialist and surgeon thought the operation would have helped to cure me, the latter also stating that it was most important for my system to get rid of the body's waste by the use of strong aperients, which course I always pursued against my inclination.

“The specialist now wants me to visit him again for treatment, but I am sick of it all. Except for the aperients I have left off all the physic and stuff, and I have increased eight pounds in weight. I am following the diet rules laid down in your books, and hope to be able to enjoy out-of-door sports once more, for I used to be quite athletic—swimming, walking, and so on—like my nine brothers and sisters.”

What must we think of those who combined to remove this woman's infirmity? Did they fulfil their contract? Making the most charitable allowance for mortal frailty in will and judgment, are we not forced to the opinion that they did more harm than good by their endeavours? The suppliant turned to them in order that her joints might be unfixed and her bones be formed of right material; she needed to be made whole, but they proceeded to undo her. She was treated as if engineers, deciding to repair a locomotive, had agreed to dismantle the engine, part by part, though each was

indispensable to the whole. We have learnt how the victim's knee was violently pressed to straighten it and make it supple. Then her blood was tainted by foul injections, and her teeth were drawn. These measures proving ineffectual, she was hurried to a hospital, where the removal of her appendix promptly followed. Even when she fainted the specialist who witnessed her collapse was merely puzzled. Will modern medical wizardry claim glory for such iconoclastic work? Shade of Hippocrates, how thou must have grieved to see it done!

The condition of arthritis yields to rational treatment, and to that only. It requires persistent gentleness, whereas this poor sufferer was condemned to continuous violence. She bore pressure and stretching, injections and extractions, dosing, and the final futile act in the removal of her appendix, as if her woes were necessary for her ultimate relief. She was put upon the rack as the price of her ransom—a ransom, however, which was never granted. That a layman could free the arthritic body from its fetters would probably have been a notion to convulse the professional mind with uncontrollable mirth. To be the servants of nature, in all humility, with eyes and intellect keen to observe nature's simple processes of restoration—it was not given to those among whom this woman fell to realize the folly of their craftsmanship, in spite of its repeated failure.

By long association with suffering I can point to many who have come safely on the road to health by avoiding the pitfalls of professionalism. Some time ago I was visited by a woman of over seventy

years of age, who astounded me by her physical and mental vigour. For hours she tramped by my side over rough and hilly country with an alertness to be coveted by many at half her age. She told me how, but a few years before, she had feared insanity as arthritis gripped her limbs and extended along the spine, how she had stumbled on the truth by chance, and how by right feeding she escaped from the doom she had dreaded.

This is a case of one whom I saw face to face, and whose story was verified in the flesh. She told no tale of long ill-usage; her recollections gave her no occasion for regrets and sighs. Why, then, should her case have differed so distinctly from the other? She who had not been cured had suffered from the ministrations of mispractice, while she who trod a joyous path was a pilgrim guided by a layman's book. To one the cost had been heart-breaking, to the other the reward was offered for a trivial price. One had trusted to institutional attainments, the other had sought counsel from an unacknowledged source. Yet, by the prestige accorded to credentials, the results to each should have been diametrically reversed. What, then, is wrong with methods which are discredited in practice, though they be lauded to the skies in theory?

"Where should we be," asks a doctor of his fellows, "if the public ceased to be superstitious? They consult us, they accept what we say, they pay our fees. Why? Because they are convinced that we have certain occult knowledge denied to them; because we can supply them with diagnoses wrapped

up in the most impressive terms. In other words, they ask for something magical, and those of us who are sufficiently wary to supply it get the results."

The truth is that the public, though credulous still, are approaching the limit of their credulity. The occult knowledge attributed to professionalism is not altogether beyond lay comprehension, and with the passage of time the community will be more and more discriminating as to what is genuine and false in the art of healing.

"I have been suffering from boils now for over a year," says a woman in bewilderment; "I have been doctoring all the time, and have had three different kinds of injections. I have tried all sorts of things, but none of them have been any good. If you can help me I shall be very grateful."

Is there a sign of anything magical here? She behaved in the manner of the superstitious; she consulted doctors, accepting their promises and paying their fees, all in accordance with the views of the wary practitioner. She had the customary diagnoses pronounced upon her case, she was handed the usual prescriptions in the usual hieroglyphics, and she derived the usual satisfaction to her innocence: in short, she was subjected to the wariness which the profession are advised to cultivate in order to get results.

Results—who got them? Did the sufferer, who reaped a year's harvest of boils, and was still uncured? To be blunt, those whom she trusted were the gainers; she was a decided loser. The results to

this poor woman were such that in the light of common sense her attendants should have presented her with a signed confession of their incapacity, for their occult pretensions failed even to remove a boil.

Or here is an instance in which magic proved a myth. "About six months ago," a man writes from Brighton, "I had a small mattery pimple on my leg. It grew larger, and became very inflamed. I had one of your books in the house, and thought I would try lemon juice on the sore place, as you direct. The juice soon seemed to dry the wound, and it looked better. However, as I was attending the hospital at the time for other treatment, I showed my leg to one of the medical staff. He gave me a box of ointment, which I applied; but next morning the wound looked much worse. For some days longer I continued with the ointment, until, the trouble increasing steadily, I threw the stuff away. Then I started with lemon juice again, and persevered. My leg rapidly began to heal; it became clean and free from inflammation, until now it is well and sound. I have to thank you for good advice. I said nothing to the doctor about the treatment which was not his, and when he saw the leg healing he seemed so pleased to think he had cured it with the ointment."

The magic in this case was what the doctor believed to be his own—a humorous disqualification of wizardry. Yet there is a serious side to this example of the occult, for the man's leg might have developed a crisis if the precious ointment had continued to deceive the patient, as it probably deceives

the doctor to this day, because it takes a tremendous upheaval to shake magical obsessions.

They should indeed be thankful who go through life untouched by surgery. The same law applies to the beginning of physical violence as to the first spiritual step downhill—the initial act begets its inevitable sequences. There are risks with every surgical resource. In spite of promised safety, no one is secure against mischance when once the body is deprived of its completeness. Neither skill nor eminence confers infallibility upon the hand that probes, or cuts, or puts poison in the blood.

“My husband and I have been through a terrible experience during the past seven years,” says a distracted woman. “At the outset of our troubles he had developed a high temperature, and had severe internal spasms. A doctor and specialist advised an immediate operation for diverticulitis, as they termed it, or appendicitis, as it is commonly called.

“The operation was performed, and in the course of it the inner wall of the bladder was perforated, which meant that the bladder had to be opened. From this my husband contracted toxin-poisoning, and another operation on the organ was performed.

“Imagine our disappointment and distress; yet more was to follow, for he developed double pneumonia. He lay in hospital for three months, with an open bladder wound—you must know how weak he was—and he just pulled through by a very narrow margin.

“Three more months passed, and then the bowel leaked into the bladder, and subsequently through

the wound. This meant a further double operation ; the bladder was again opened, and a colotomy was made. The latter was said to be only a temporary measure, and would be dispensed with in a few months. This work was done seven years ago, and it has never been able to be altered, notwithstanding the operator's assurance to the contrary.

"Thus our calamity continued, and a rupture developed on the left of the colotomy, and of the bladder itself. I tell you all this to explain why I dread seeing a doctor in case he should want to cut my hand, which has swelled, and is inflamed after being bruised by a heavy blow. Naturally I fear the results of the knife, and would like to put myself under your more gentle treatment."

This case illustrates the issues of violence and haste. If, generally, such symptoms demanded such precipitation how many of us would be left intact? Is it to be thought, moreover, that the hapless couple suspected an accident at the initial operation, and that it would lead by four successive stages to disaster? The sufferer's injuries are now permanent, his wound is still unhealed, and needs the daily care of her who had hoped for better things in marriage. Alas, the ready use of weapons is a passion of the times, and the community are hypnotized by the daring of surgical manipulation, unconscious of its possibilities.

Here, too, is a case apposite to the foregoing. "Two years ago," writes a man from Wales, "my wife had a severe operation during pregnancy, when the womb was removed, owing to tumours. A year

after she had rectal trouble, which has continued, with distressing pain. On consulting our doctor he informed us that there was a polypus growth, and this was cut out three months ago. Since then, however, the wound has not healed, and my wife endures agonizing pain—worse, perhaps, than prior to the operation. This has been going on now for so long that we are getting perturbed, especially as another operation is advised, though we doubt if it would effect a cure.”

Perturbed—is that all? If these two souls had an inkling of what my experiences disclose, a more expressive term might be employed. Nature has a way of dispersing tumours, whereas surgery aggravates the condition. Will the fruitlessness of violence be ever understood?

This, too, is a case on which to ponder. A woman had received a severe blow on the abdomen, and, to quote her phrase, she engaged the attentions of some of the best medical men in Eastbourne and London. How did they attend to her? Firstly, both ovaries were removed—unsexing her—and then a tumour was cut out. After a pause a further operation was performed, an abscess on the appendix being diagnosed. Another respite was granted, after which she endured three operations within four months, gall-stones being taken away, as well as a kidney, together with a recurring abscess. Then the knife was put aside for the space of three merciful years, when it was again employed, for adhesions. Within twelve months she was laid once more upon the operating table, for the removal of an abdominal

gland; and two years later her body was reopened, for the treatment of ulceration and further adhesions.

Have you counted them—have you noted that this ill-fated creature was put eight times upon the operating table? Nor is she cured, but suffers continuous pain in the parts where surgery had been so busy. Does orthodoxy see the wreckage which violence leaves in its wake?

“I am one of the sad women martyred to doctors,” sighs another; “I have been in their hands for fifteen years. A bad child-birth seemed to commence my troubles, and was said to necessitate the various operations which followed. My kidneys and my womb have been replaced; shortly after this was done my bowels were said to be twisted, and I was cut open again, which all but cost my life, and now adhesions are causing me fresh trouble.

“The fifteen years have been spent as an old, old story; specialists and X-rays, and spas for water and baths, and worst of all the horrible plombieres treatment—it was the climax to my misery. Three times a week I was made to endure it, while those who treated me in this manner assured me I should be no better for the rest of my life.

“While this was going on my sister came to see me, bringing with her one of your works. I read it, saw the truth, and commenced the diet straight away. My intestines have not been subjected to torture since; I have a regular action of the bowels, and it has been so for more than twelve months now.”

Specialists, operations, and the horrible plombières treatment—for fifteen years convention had spent its skill upon this woman, and in return she experienced agony and humiliation, to say nothing of the drain upon her purse. Was the practice by which she suffered one from which any hope could be humanly expected—would those who handled her have continued their oppression for a week had their minds awakened to the futility of their work? She had gone to them trustfully in her distress, and when they had done their utmost she was left as far as ever from recovery, if not beyond it.

But stay, can there be merit in the teaching which condemns rough usage? Here is a letter that comes to hand while I plead the cause of gentleness. It is an anonymous epistle, postmarked in Brighton, a town from which I could summon hundreds to rebut the charges in this surreptitious screed.

“Unfortunately for my health,” it begins, “I read one of your books some little time ago. From being in perfect health I have now developed a most severe attack of dyspepsia, due to the use of lemons and salad vegetables as recommended by you. My doctor was horrified when I told him what I had been doing. I consider your pernicious advice causes a lot of harm, and such food-faddists as you should be suppressed by law. We have a censor for plays, but the health of the public is more important. I shall do all in my power to warn others against such harmful practices. It is utterly ridiculous to claim that your foolish dietary is sufficient to sustain

life ; anyhow, my case is a proof of its fallacy. No doubt you have an ulterior motive which is wicked and cruel in its deception. I do not sign my name because I am ashamed to admit how easily one can be duped, as though you possessed more knowledge than men who make the study of disease the subject of a lifetime."

Such a missive seldom comes to me ; indeed, it is all but unique in its rarity and venom. This may at least be said of the present day, that a doctor who is sincerely horrified at the idea of lemons and salads is one of whose sanity even the Medical Council would have misgivings. The objector or objectress whom I quote must have awakened from a trance. The essential need of right feeding in the treatment of disease is admitted by many of its opponents—admitted by silence to its proofs or by its secret adoption—while its open converts may be traced throughout the world. The time for ridicule is not altogether past, but the jeers of the defeated are now no more than a feebling echo. The victory in a tedious struggle may be calmly reckoned, and those who study the aspects of disease from distorted angles will yet be brought to a consciousness of self-deception. Unless we are to despair of human progress the forces of reason will have captured the last outposts of prejudice before this century has ended.

The nameless writer regards my message as pernicious, and calls for its suppression by the law. Well might the law begin by suppressing much which it now upholds. But, as it is fair to grant that he who judges should be prepared for the hour

of his own judgment, on whom shall I call in defence of the principles I enunciate? "I feel I must thank you for your books," a witness testifies; "I have read them until I know their contents almost by heart. Not only have I done so for my own sake, but that I might be enabled to pass the information on to others. I am a fully-trained nurse, and throughout the twenty-five years of my career I have wondered at the uses of doctoring, since sickness and disease seem rather to increase than diminish. For long I have felt that the secret is in our use or abuse of food. My natural instincts have for years been longing for fruit and salads; but one is compelled to live a conventional life, especially while with other nurses.

"One grows very weary of always dealing with disease while sure that it can be largely avoided if the people were taught how to live simply, and if the general morbid outlook of my professional work could be corrected. If people would eat clean, natural, unspoilt food their whole mental vision would be brighter and more wholesome. I am indeed thankful that you have gained knowledge, and have placed it before the people. I have been absolutely free from rheumatism since following your rules, and I am thoroughly fit in every way."

This is the statement of a qualified nurse, who seeks no shelter behind anonymity; she is one among many of her profession, moreover, who support her brave outspokenness. Surely in her duties she should have derived clear comprehension of methods which are right and wrong, so why

should she deplore the established customs within the sphere of her long obedience to them? Properly considered, she should have nothing but praise for the practice of those whose commands are regulated by life-long study.

Listen also to another who spends her years in uncongenial surroundings. A young woman still, she views her future without the enthusiasm which should be expected of her sacred office. Her insight into the routine of a county hospital is sufficient to chill her soul, for she knows that much of what she has to do is inimical to truth and reason. She tends the worst of human maladies, and, while she attempts to stay the horrible disease, she recoils from her service, knowing how it serves to constant failure.

“If only sufferers were to study and use your methods more strictly,” she declares, “cancer would be more easily overcome, or, better still, prevented. I myself am keen on your natural way of living, and I am by no means keeping such knowledge to myself. Patients who have come under my care are only too grateful to receive your simple treatment. I have seen the knife so much employed in cancer cases with no good results that I am sure it strengthens the disease.”

Listen also to a matron of a military hospital: “I first heard of your teaching from a friend, and at once I knew it told the truth. It is so simple and plain that I believe in it whole-heartedly. I now do what I can to help the suffering, and have had several remarkable cures, or, rather, you have, through me.

“I know, however, that you will appreciate the difficulties for myself in my capacity, in these days of bismuth, serums, and vaccines. How I loathe the terrible evil! I am so tired of helping with disease, and yet more disease for the future; there seem to be no signs of health anywhere.”

Is it not a reproach to orthodoxy that she should cure disease by rejecting methods which have been long accepted as efficient, and which are exclusive to those who gain certificates for their work? What can be wrong with a system which provokes rebellion in this woman? A hospital matron should have reason to glory in her position, whereas she speaks of it with loathing, looking towards the day when she will quit it altogether, and tells a layman frankly that his teaching is superior to that to which she should be loyal. Bismuth, serums, vaccines, and much besides—they kill her faith in professionalism, because she knows in what respects its ritual is wrong.

Here, too, is another's protest: “With thirty years of nursing, and by what it has meant to my intelligence and feelings, I commend your exposure of modern medical crazes. The folly and madness of the work oppress me, and I turn to your efforts on behalf of humanity as to a gleam of light amid profound darkness. Believe me, your endeavours will be recognized, and will bear their harvest in due time.”

Or this, from one who is herself in a sorry plight: “I rejoice that you have dared to preach a practical and comprehensive system of reform. I am a trained

nurse of more than twenty years' experience, but miserable illness has forced me to retire. The past eight years have been spent in continuous suffering, and now I am so enfeebled that as I write to you I can scarcely guide my pen."

Why should these witnesses appeal for reform in institutions which are maintained munificently as sanctuaries for the sick? Is it not that because of too much doctoring they commend a message of good hope through nature's bounty—a message which they have proved to be unchallengeable?

Now follows the experience of one who speaks for many thousands: "As a reader of your publications I perceive the joy you take in aiding your fellow men. In my endeavours to repair a damaged frame, and conscious of the vagaries of doctors, specialists, hospitals, drugs, and faulty diet, it has been left to my own intelligence to work out my salvation. A kindly providence allowed our tracks to cross. Once, on a railway platform, I spent a shilling on a book in a pink cover—need I say more? I will tell my story, for I know you can and will advise me.

"Six years ago I, an artillery officer, was knocked out in the war. My case was diagnosed as trench nephritis, due to exposure, but doubtless it was simple inflammation of the kidneys, due to the hellish conditions we were living under. During the next four years my acquaintance with doctors, hospitals, drugs, and abominable feeding fully qualified me for a medical degree—I got to know far more about kidneys than those who played the fool with me. In the end I was invalided out of the army,

since when I have been at home, where experience taught me what was least harmful to eat; and I also studied various books on dietetics.

“My condition was briefly this: albumen deposit in the urine, blood-pressure, constipation, head noises, fatigue, loss of appetite, insidious pains, terrible headaches—in other words, general physical and mental disorder.

“For the last six months or so, thanks to your teaching, my condition of living and feeding has been entirely altered, consisting of raw fruit, salads, and wholemeal bread, fresh air, and gentle exercise; and the result is wonderful. Constipation and headaches are cured, pain is banished, and muscular power has been restored.

“Thus I have paid doctors to tell me I am incurable—for such was their verdict; and how helpless most doctors are at kidney treatment! Now, I will not believe that nature knows the word ‘incurable’ if one lives according to natural laws. I am young (twenty-nine years of age), by heredity energetic and organically strong, mentally resolute, and willing to carry out any treatment you propose, as, by my former treatment, I was made a weaker and a poorer man.”

What was it that opposed the progress of this young soldier? He trusted to what he thought were genuine aids in his distress, but they gave him nothing for his confidence, nor for the cash he had paid in the buoyancy of hope. Yet a shilling book directed him to what he sought, and by it he learnt to live by simple rules—that is, by rules to

which professionalism was blind or hostile. What shall be thought, then, of the resources which barred this man's recovery, and from which he escaped through unorthodox counsel?

Compare this with another instance relating to the same disease. A young Scotsman was ordered an immediate operation, his trouble being diagnosed as stone on the kidney. When asked if careful dieting would be of any value as a cure the surgeon laughed at the idea, promising that if the notion were acted upon the poor fellow would repent of his folly when too late. Fearing the knife, however, the patient trusted to lay advice—after reading the book which had come into the soldier's hands—and for eight months he rigidly adhered to its instructions. The stone dissolved, the surgeon's work was superseded, and the man returned to his occupation. His deliverance came without the spilling of one drop of blood, violence was repudiated by nature's gentle treatment, and a body threatened with mutilation was preserved intact. Had flesh and veins been severed would his misery have ended with the operation? Do we commonly meet with those who have been similarly treated and who have had nothing to complain of subsequently? As surgery sows so does it generally reap—this is a truth of which the community should be made aware.

Now take another point of view in considering the present trend of medical practice. "I am tempted to tell you," writes a correspondent from abroad, "of an experience of a friend in hospital, where he had gone after sustaining a fracture. He was evi-

dently in a semi-private ward, as he spoke of a case of progressive pernicious anæmia in the bed next to him. The patient's diet was as follows: For breakfast, a piece of steak and one small lettuce-leaf; at ten o'clock, a glassful of chopped liver; at three in the afternoon, a repetition of chopped liver; and at six o'clock, a piece of steak.

"After a couple of days my friend asked the man if he were willing to follow good advice. He agreed; so, as my friend had an enormous amount of fruit brought to the hospital—he was eating nothing else—he passed over quantities of it to the patient. At the same time he asked the doctor if the man could be wheeled out to the porch, as he enjoyed his company. So they went to the porch every day, and the patient threw the hospital liver and steak on the lawn, for the birds to eat.

"The man made such rapid progress that the doctors were mystified. Two of the heads of the staff would draw to one side and peer through their glasses at the man's sick-chart, and then over them at the patient, and then mutter to each other. At the end of twenty-eight days the man was discharged, cured. At an institution in Aurora they cure, by rational diet and fresh air, not anæmia only, but many supposedly incurable diseases. One of my friends was a year under the care of doctors; she ate liver and much besides, and finally went home to Canada because she did not get well."

In this sad-humorous picture we see how the patient made no progress at the hands of his liver-obsessed attendants, but that within a month he

quitted the hospital after being generously fed on fruit. Of the two of the staff who watched the sufferer in the porch, who put their heads together mutteringly, and saw the birds eating the practical remedy, neither was aroused to reason by what was made so plain—their iron-bound training shut their eyes, excluding all initiative.

It is amazing that professionalism should so widely err when the path of truth has been laid so plainly. In many respects medical methods are as unmethodical as if their exponents said: "We refuse to be persuaded or convinced; our doctrines are sufficient for our purpose; we understand our power, and the manner in which we exert it is quite our own affair; we will take neither advice nor instruction from inside or without."

For example, there can be few practitioners who are unaware that purging is hopeless as a means of ensuring functional regularity. Scarcely a doctor could honestly declare his ignorance of the evils of violence in the treatment of constipation—does not his daily experience convince him of those evils?

Why, then, should a rule of conspicuous wrongdoing be generally observed, so that even the agonies of cancer are intensified by the administration of purgatives? The most awful of mortal maladies is not spared from this hideous routine. Purges are systematically dispensed throughout our hospitals; they are prescribed by the most illustrious, they are the stand-by of the average practitioner.

"My husband has been given up to die," writes a woman. "They said he was beyond an operation ;

but while he lay in the hospital-ward he suffered severely from strong aperients, which he resisted, but was forced to take. Now that he is home, and I am able to attend to him according to your advice, he is stronger and brighter, and his actions are no trouble at all." "It is the regular practice here," writes a man, "that everybody in the wards should be given aperients; we get them whether we require them or not." That is the error and the sin of it; practitional obduracy deals out disease with every purging dose—as if it were a necessity to defy the natural law—for the use of aperients is one of the factors in the cause of cancer.

Or consider the present-day mania for inoculations; folly has infected professionalism to the degree of endangering the national stamina. Scientific research, so-called, is made an excuse for the indulgence of unscientific delusions. "I was sent into hospital," says a youth, "where malaria was injected into me, in the form of a serum taken from a patient's veins. I went through a fortnight's agony, with collapses into a state of rigor every day, and a temperature varying up to a hundred and six degrees. Doctors and nurses regarded my chart as wonderful, and I endured three months in hospital, with stodgy food, all to no avail." This was a sorry experience for one at the threshold of manhood; perverted wit was turned upon him, and his vitality must have been strong indeed to save him from the fate which falls to many by the same cause.

And this is a sad experience, related from Belfast: "I write to thank you for saving me from a weary

course of medicine, which I hated. How I wish I had known of your simple treatment years ago, as I am sure I never would have passed through so many years of unalleviated pain. My body is drawn up, and my hands are so deformed that I am ashamed of them to be seen by any fellow creature; and I used to have such supple fingers in my younger days. I have undergone filthy injections from a medical man at a famous Spa, but they only poisoned my blood still more. Then I had my teeth out, and afterwards I learned there was nothing wrong with them. Leeches, too, were put to my knees, and they took two platefuls of blood from me. I never made up the loss, and was brought down to less than six stones in weight, becoming so weak that I could hardly stand when I came out of the nursing home, where I had been for eight weeks, getting soda baths and salines, and so forth, all so reducing in their effects. I feel very wrath at the doctors practising on me, as they said they were just trying things, and were working in the dark as to my disease."

Or what of this? "Twelve months ago my uncle was in a dreadful state, due to the filthy stuff the doctors had put into him. He was one mass of irritating red pimples and small lumps, and still they injected the stuff in his arms. He went from bad to worse; it was pitiful to see him, and he got no sleep for it. At last he told the doctors what he thought, and in the end they admitted it might have been the treatment. They called the trouble erythema; anyway, I am very thankful to tell you he

has turned to your directions, and is much better and in a better temper than he has been for years."

Or this: "In the first place, I had wasting of the thyroid gland, and for years took thyroid tablets. Then, two years ago, my doctor said my glands were poisoned, and that my nerves and heart were affected. Since then I have had about forty injections, and on and off have taken medicine nearly all the time. I have not been able to do much since. The other day a friend told me of your books, and I got one of them, and at once set about following your advice. I can but think it is doing me good, as I am getting colour in my hands and face. At the same time I am tired all over my body from head to foot, and I ask if you think I am doing the right thing, for I don't want to undo all that my doctors have done for me."

What had been done, or what had not been done, in the two cases cited? In one, pimples and lumps were provoked in the man's body, until he was pitiful to see; in the other, the woman's heart and nerves were seriously affected.

Or what of this confession from one who had been reared in the practical environment? "Before my marriage I was for ten years the almoner at a large county hospital, and it is because I know so much of the prevailing experiments in medical work that I seek your advice with regard to my husband. I cannot take it all as a matter of course, but feel compelled to write in thanks from my heart for your simple gospel, inspired, as it must be, for the good of mankind. Though a doctor's daughter,

I have suffered for nearly a lifetime from various ills, but now there is hope for me, even at fifty-three years of age." We assume that her parent was not looking over her shoulder while she subtracted from the deference usually accorded to his occupation and bestowed it upon one whom he would probably ignore.

Or consider the vicissitudes of a Yorkshire woman in her adventures with up-to-date medical practice. "I am thirty-seven years of age," she states, "and as long as I can remember have had indigestion and constipation, and whenever getting a chill, or eating any but the plainest food, I suffered from what I thought were poison attacks, sickness, and fainting. Some years ago I had a bad thyroid throat, and at the same time was treated for indigestion; and so I went on until three years ago this month, when one day, after eating a dinner of chicken, potatoes, bread-sauce, etc., and plum-pudding, I began, an hour after, with terrible pains in the stomach. These pains got worse until it seemed to concentrate in a terrible cramp; and I had cramp also in my hands and face and mouth. To get relief I took whisky and camphor, and even a liniment, internally. These caused violent vomiting, which relieved the cramp. I was in bed for a week. On getting better I found the central pain had not left me, and for six weeks I could not eat anything but what I was ordered—namely, bread, boiled fish, and tripe boiled in milk—otherwise the pain became acute. At the end of six weeks I decided to see a doctor who visited here from London. He said I was suffering from a

duodenal ulcer, appendicitis, and spinal trouble. For two months he kept me on a diet of milk and biscuits, and said I must have osteopathic treatment for my spine, which I did twice a week, until I collapsed at the end of two months. This treatment of having the bones cracked and the ligaments pulled was far too drastic, and my spine, needless to say, was far worse, and I don't think it has ever been right since. However, the collapse brought on an attack. I had cramp again in my face and hands, vomiting every few minutes for hours. I seemed to be in waves of sickness, so was obliged to have a doctor again. I sent for one who worked in conjunction with the specialist, and he examined me and said I was suffering from neurasthenia of the body, as I only weighed six stones. He put me on a diet of four glasses of hot water with a squeeze of lemon three times a day before meals, and for a fortnight my meals consisted of steak put through a machine three times, and made into cakes, cooked in butter and water—this alone. I had to get the meat-balls up to four ounces at each meal, slowly adding dry brown toast, then a raw tomato, and eventually boiled vegetables. He kept me in bed for a month, and after that, my pain still being bad, and he saying it was an old sore, or indigestion, I took the meat out of my diet. I had internal hæmorrhoids badly, and he gave me injections into the piles to dry them up, guaranteeing a cure. These had no effect whatever. I was very constipated, so he got me a four-pint douche-can, which he told me to use every other day.

“Last August I was under a gastric specialist in Leeds, who admitted he was baffled, and suggested that the next time I started with an attack I should be taken to his nursing home, where he could diagnose my case; but this was impossible, as I was always too ill to be moved, once I had started with an attack.

“And so I went on until the last day of December, when I developed a very bad head-cold. This went to my weak place, and I had a terrible attack. I thought I had better be seen while I had the cramp, as no doctor seemed to understand it. When the doctor arrived I could not move my hands at all; they were stiff, also my face, and I had difficulty in talking. He said it was tetany, and asked me what I had been eating. I told him of my diet, and he said he must fetch a specialist at once and have a consultation, as he had only seen this form of cramp once before. I was in agony for three hours, when he came back with the specialist. They gave me an injection of morphia to stop the cramp, and I was sick. On telling them I could eat a lot of fruit, they said I could not have an ulcer, and I must be X-rayed. This took place a week later, and they now find that my stomach has dropped down to the pelvis, and the food, getting to the bottom, cannot get into the bowels, and, as there is no contraction of the walls of the stomach, the food lying there is undigested and fermenting. When I get a chill this causes a poison to set up, and this, they think, is the cause of the cramp. My diet from the specialist has no fruit, it being too heavy, and therefore weigh-

ing the stomach down. After each meal I have some medicine, to keep the food from fermenting, and one thyroid tablet each day, and each night my stomach has to be washed out. A stomach-pump was tried, but after enduring it twice I refused to have it any more, as it made me so ill, thirty and more inches of tube being forced down my throat, and two quarts of Condyl's fluid put down and syphoned back again. The fruit having been taken out of my diet, I am now using the douche-can again.

"I am afraid you will think this a very long letter, but my case has been so baffling and gone on so long that I felt obliged to give a full explanation, and I am anxious, as you will realize, from my past efforts, to get to the root of this trouble, and thus prevent these terrible attacks."

The attacks were terrible indeed, as much from professional attentions as from the effects of wrong feeding. Her condition was diagnosed with extraordinary latitude, and in the wide net of speculation one guess at least should have proved correct. She consumed chicken, potatoes, bread-sauce, plum-pudding, boiled fish, tripe, and various etceteras, besides taking camphor, whisky, and liniment, and after two months of biscuits and milk her spine was considered to be out of order; so, to put it in order, her bones were cracked, and her ligaments were pulled, until she collapsed. Nor even did this handling cure indigestion, and the doctor and specialist admitted that they were baffled. So they gave her morphia, concluding that her stomach had dropped; and it would be no wonder if they had expected to

find it in the sick-room, somewhere. This farcical tragedy was presumably the expression of cultured intellect ; but it was too much doctoring, or nothing at all.

An enfeebled Scotsman has also a dour tale to tell. "I am sixty-four years of age," he writes, "but am unable to work owing to loss of power in my legs. I went to the infirmary nine years ago, to get better of course, but I was drugged so that I have not walked since. I can move only by holding on to furniture and other supports. The infirmary doctors tell the patients nothing ; they are treated as if they were children ; it is a case of opening your mouth and swallowing what is given to you. I am sorry enough I ever saw the place ; I could walk a little before I went, but it does not seem that I will ever do so again. I never took aperients or medicine of any kind until I entered the infirmary, and I never before had hæmorrhoids, which the drugging has brought on, to my torture. I am convinced the place is only an experimenting shop to teach students at the expense of suffering humanity."

Unless the people should grow wise, a dismal prospect is foreshadowed in the last sentence of the following message from Ireland:—

"I cannot but think that if you could open a place in some attractive spot, standing in its own well-stocked grounds, with fruit and vegetables, where invalids could be initiated in your system of feeding, and see for themselves its wonderful results, and then to go out among their fellow creatures, thus spreading the good tidings—if you could do this, what

a world-wide influence it would create in time. A friend of ours, whose son is making two thousand a year as a doctor in England, told me that the young fellow sees ten years ahead, when, he says, medical treatment will be altogether by injections." Heaven forbid that his prophecy should be fulfilled, and lest my fears of the process should be ridiculed let me present a few particulars of what results from it already.

"In reading one of your books," a ship's captain writes, "I see that you mention two cases of diabetes being cured. This interests me, as about eighteen months ago my wife developed this disease, and is now being treated with the usual injectional formula, with no beneficial results. In spite of the fact of my having been cured of constipation by you, she is still an unbeliever, and I am taking the liberty of asking you if you can give me any advice which might influence her to try your cure. For my own part I have far more faith in your methods than in all the doctors, for the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and you cured me when they could not; but, as you know, a woman is hard to convince. Two years ago I was a chronic sufferer from the trouble I have named, and had to leave my ship through ill health. While on shore a friend handed me one of your books, and I must own that at the time I more or less scoffed at it and said: 'That cannot cure me.' But my friend said, 'Try it,' and I tried, with the result that in less than ten days I was finished with medicine, and have been in perfect health ever since. Needless to say, I am very grateful

and thankful to you, and am a strong devotee of your faith."

"My girl is a teacher," writes a woman from Wales, "and her work has brought her health completely down. I consulted the best doctors in the town, but without hopeful results. Then I consulted a London specialist, and he advised a course of treatment in hospital, where she has been for the past four months. The course included electricity, injections, massage, and drugs, and, though she was given two or three kinds of drugs in a night, all that was done for her completely failed to produce sleep, leaving her prostrate; and I am sorry to say she is worse now, on coming back to her parents and her home, than she was when she left. You can imagine how discouraging this is to us."

And this is equally discouraging: "Our companion had trouble with her sight some years ago, and she underwent the orthodox treatment for diabetes. Subsequently the eye was removed, and before leaving the hospital she was assured that her life depended upon the continued use of this new specific. But in spite of it the other eye became seriously affected, and she went once more to hospital. We are anxious not to resume this treatment, for it is now discovered that diabetes is again in marked evidence." The treatment, as you will guess, was injectional.

Or this, from a missionary who had suffered for forty years from the common curse: "I said to the matron the other day how I wished they would drop all their drugs and give nature a trial, for they know

how successful your methods have been in my own case. A poor fellow in the same room as I am, suffering from mental depression, and whose trouble for thirty years has been constipation, has been subjected continuously to dosing, and still the mistake is not made plain to those who drug him. This I have done for myself, however, for I have protested until I have been allowed to treat myself with wisdom—that is, by keeping from all medicine.”

“I feel that you can help me,” pleads a Portsmouth woman, “for I have been in continual distress for the past six months, my trouble being diagnosed as thrombosis, or blood-coagulation. I have swelled enormously, and have had quarts of water taken from me. I have just returned from a London hospital, where I was ordered to take four different kinds of medicine; but the swelling continues, and increases if I stand for a few minutes.”

“For many months I have suffered dreadfully from nervous attacks,” writes a victim in Cheshire, “and at the beginning of this year I consulted a specialist, who gave me powerful drugs, since when I have developed neuritis severely, and am now in a very poor state indeed. My left arm trembles badly, and I am unsteady on my legs, while the use of three fingers has almost entirely gone. My husband suffered for many years from constipation; he tried doctoring and medicines with no good results, but your books have been the means of great benefit to him, and that is why I am asking you for your help.”

A practitioner writes in a daily journal: “I submit

my patients to all new specifics as they appear, and mark their reactionary effects upon my clients. The body may respond or not." That is to say, he puts nature to the strain of resisting the intrusion of substances which are unwanted for the body's health. If the system throws out the incubus, well and good, and the inherent vitality of the patient is demonstrated, albeit to no true purpose; or the sufferer may be already too weak to withstand the test, and a funeral may end it. Thus, survival of the experiment proves no more than a body's indifference to the specific, while death means but another failure for scientific speculation.

But why should medical practice hanker after new expedients at all when it would be better employed in applying principles which are eternally old? Yet were I to enter a hospital or nursing home, and proclaimed nature's gospel to specialists, bacteriologists, students, and others, should I hope to be considerably received, or to stir a soul to frank conversion?

Disaster is almost certain as the aftermath of tampering with nature; listen to this sad sentence in a letter which has just been brought to me: "His three doctors cannot say whether he will last two or three days or as many weeks, as he is always under the influence of drugs on account of the pain, and can neither talk nor listen to talk without a painful effort; so his last line to you must be taken as a final good-bye."

This pathetic message concerns a friend whom I had known in the vigour of manhood, and who

became the pitiable creature here described. Seized with sudden illness, morphia was administered as a matter of course, and for a week he was left under its deadening influence. Then he was removed to a naval hospital for an operation, drugging being continued, and he drifted blankly to the end. Had I so treated this kindred spirit would the law have spared me, do you think? Is it to come that none of us shall be left to die with an unclouded mind?

A wide field has now been traversed without yet treating of the young; let us see how our children fare by certain practical measures promoted on their behalf and with State sanction.

"In our municipal offices," a correspondent writes from a Hampshire town, "a pile of leaflets has been displayed as a public decoy, and I send you the enclosed appalling specimen for your criticism. One's whole instinct rises in revolt at the idea of taking happy children from their play, and dumping them down into this precious health department for the injection of poison into their defenceless bodies."

The leaflet is issued by order of the medical officer for the borough, and reads as follows: "Diphtheria Prevention.—Diphtheria is a dangerous and infectious disease, which mainly attacks children. There is now a safe and reliable means of preventing diphtheria. Protection is obtained by a course of

three small injections at weekly intervals. Many thousands of children have been tested and protected in this and other countries, and the methods employed have been proved to be effective and harmless. You are strongly advised, in the interests of your children, to have them protected against diphtheria. Once protected, it is believed they will remain so for life. All you are asked to do is to send your request to the Public Health Department."

This sounds quite simple, and almost pleasant, but it is no more than a professional boast, unwarranted by facts; we have to remember the horrors of Luebeck, where seventy-six children were killed as the result of injectional experiments two years ago. The method is wrong in principle, and nothing can make it worthy of public confidence.

There is danger, too, in the use of the knife in the treatment of tonsilitis and adenoids. "My little son, three-and-a-half years old," a mother writes, "contracted tonsilitis in the summer, and for some weeks was in bed with a high temperature, and his glands were also swollen. When he had regained sufficient strength our doctor and a specialist advised the removal of the tonsils, on the assumption, as they said, that if the tonsils were taken out the swelling of the glands would cease. The operation was performed, but the swelling of the glands has not dispersed. The doctor now seems to think that the only course open is a further operation, but asks us to first seek the advice of another specialist, to see if the swelling can be dispersed by the use of a surgical needle whereby the fluid is withdrawn.

I don't want this to be done, and I ask if you can suggest anything which is likely to get rid of my child's trouble?"

And this is a poignant case by which parents should be warned. A boy of less than six years old was put into a medical home for an operation on the tonsils and adenoids. On this being performed nasal trouble was diagnosed, and the operation was extended. Then the child became deaf and dull—and it should be borne in mind that his eardrums had previously been pierced. Mastoid abscesses supervened, and they also were removed, after which a blood-vessel burst, complications followed, septic trouble developed in the skull, the child declined, and passed away.

At the inquest a medical witness considered that the nasal operation was unwarranted, the boy's father deposed that it was performed without his consent, while a second practitioner stated that the whole scope of the work had been carefully and skilfully done. But there was another way of showing skill in the treatment of a little fellow of less than six years old—a way that nature would have shown, so mercifully too, that the child would have been spared in every probability. Throat, ears, and nose—surgery was violent with those three vital parts, each part most intimately connected with the brain, and the results led step by step to the coroner's court.

A father writes with deep concern for his daughter. "The dear girl," he says, "is twenty years of age, and until a few months ago she had seemed in normal

health, except for occasional colds and catarrh. To clear this away a specialist was consulted, and he advised the removal of adenoids and tonsils. But she did not lose her cough, nor the catarrhal tendency, and in the space of a few months hæmorrhage developed in the left lung. When sufficiently strong to be moved she was taken to hospital, and injections were put into the lung. After a time fluid was discovered in the lung, and my girl was treated again injectionally. Now, when months have passed and she makes no progress, I ask what are her prospects, for she is ordered to remain in bed indefinitely?"

"My boy," writes a distracted mother, "was often in hospital suffering with nasal troubles, and the bones of his nose were operated on, without result, when he was but seven years old. He lacked energy, and I ascribed it to malnutrition. Last March he lost the power of one hand and dragged his right foot, and about a fortnight ago he began to vomit, unable to rise from his bed. The doctor said there was a growth on the brain, and advised a further operation by a specialist. My child is dead, and now I am a lonely woman."

But here is a case in contrast: "I will tell you of what common sense has done for my little niece, who was ordered an immediate operation by specialists for chalky glands and tuberculous intestines. They told my sister that the glands were in a difficult place, and that the operation might not be successful, but that if they didn't operate the child—seven years old—would be dead in a few months; nothing could save her. Naturally my sister was

in a terrible state, and asked me whatever should she do? I begged her to write to you before letting them operate, and she did. I don't know what she wrote, but I know she didn't let the specialists operate, and that the kiddie is as fit as a fiddle at this moment. It was a year ago when they ordered the operation; but the child is very much alive, without the employment of the knife."

Surgery asked for its opportunity, which was refused. It was predicted that the child would die within a few months unless the operation was performed. Yet, after a year, without surgical interference, she is in bounding health—the methods of gentleness had prevailed.

And this is the testimony of a Plymouth woman: "I recommended your methods to a friend whose little child had adenoids, and he was quickly cured of that complaint. This friend told several mothers whose children suffered similarly, and in each case a cure was effected."

Though the recommendation of violence is imposed upon parental susceptibilities, the spread of truth is nevertheless implanting doubts and fears in many minds in respect to the use of the knife. "I have had notice from the school," a mother writes, "that my boy has tonsils very badly, and adenoids, and that they must be attended to. I wish to avoid an operation, as I have great faith in your methods. The little chap is only just over six years old, and is too young to be cut and carved."

"I have a child of five years," pleads another who suspects the claims of surgery; "the little one suffers

from catarrh, and I fear his tonsils are at fault. I feel sure when the school-doctor examines him he will order an operation, a step I do not wish to be taken. I would be so grateful for your help." "My boys," says a father of twins, "are troubled with swollen tonsils, and the medical man advises their removal. My wife and I both wish to avoid the operation, and would be thankful for your advice."

And violence is to be feared at any time of life. "I have had two operations on my nose," a woman writes, "and I am worse than I was before the surgeons touched me. My tonsils were afterwards taken away, and now I can scarcely breathe, with constant inflammation, watery discharges, and phlegm, so that my life is not worth living. I have spots on my mouth, sore gums, and my chest is sadly affected. I have lost the sense of smell entirely, my head is bad, and I have to earn my living—do you think there is any hope for me?" "About seven years ago," says a man, "I was first under treatment for nasal trouble, and a year after a further operation was performed, and now I am left with chronic catarrh. I am caught by influenza usually two or three times each winter, when I am completely done for. I have had my teeth out, and injections of various sorts have been given. I have had erysipelas, and it looks as if bronchitis or asthma will be my fate. I am fifty-two years old." And a letter from a Lancashire woman contains this passage: "How grateful I shall be if you can spare me two operations—that is, the scraping of my nose for polypus, and the cutting out of a large tumour

on my shoulder. I am dieting as you advise, and I trust you may be blessed in your good work for the benefit of mankind."

Nor would operations for presumed appendicitis be so submissively entertained if the results of violence were widely understood. "I have been an inmate of three different hospitals," a Scotsman writes. "I have had nearly a dozen X-ray examinations, many professors have deliberated upon my case, and now the possibility of cancer is conjectured. I am unfitted for work, and my vitality is being slowly sapped, all of which appears to be the after effects of an appendix operation nine years ago." "I went under a severe operation about six years since," says another, "when my appendix was removed, but I am no better, being always full of flatulence, and I am afraid I shall soon be discharged from my employment, which would mean my ruin." "Some years ago," writes a third, "my appendix was removed, and I have never known bodily ease since then. I have consulted no end of doctors, and it has been suggested that I was surgically injured, for my life is quite useless, as I am unable to work and often too ill to go out of doors. I am always threatened with a complete stoppage, as functioning has almost ceased." "My husband is a chemist," says a fourth, "and years ago was operated on for appendix trouble; the wound has never healed, and now a malignant growth is diagnosed. He has been reoperated on several occasions, and is absolutely crippled."

Or consider this most pitiable case: "Like many

of the poor souls whom you quote," writes a woman from South Africa, "I too am at the end of my tether, and it is borne in upon me that nature is the only hope of the suffering. I am but forty years of age, but have suffered terribly for over twenty years with internal troubles, about which there have been many speculations on the part of those to whom I turned for help. Now I am at the stage of being faced with starvation for my inability to retain my food. Ten years ago my appendix was removed, on the chance, as it was said, of my misery being due to inflammation of that part. Then a year later I was operated on again, for something which was thought to be in the nature of a stricture. More than twelve inches of intestines were removed, and I nearly died. Then persistent diarrhœa set in, with complete collapse of digestion and falling intestines, so that a third operation was performed, a few days after which some part of my abdomen burst, with unutterable agony lasting for more than two months. I was carried home, regarded as a marvel for being alive."

The woman's life must remain a misery, for her injuries are permanent and irretrievable. Nor can there be much hope of happiness for this poor soul who writes: "Nine years ago a draining-tube was put in my side as the result of an operation for abscess on the appendix. The outlet of the wound discharges, and there is ulceration, so the doctor wants me to go into hospital to have the part scraped and cleaned and re-packed; then, if that does not succeed, to have another operation, and let the part

be stitched from the inside. The very thought of it makes me sick, and I am in awful pain."

Moreover, as violence is wrong in principle, is it not likely to err in judgment? "Nearly two years ago," writes a Sussex man, "I went into hospital suffering from flatulence and pains in my head. I was duly X-rayed, and was told that I was suffering from a dropped stomach. I was also told by the X-ray report that I had an abnormal appendix. This appeared to be a simple matter to the doctors, who offered to remove the offending appendix without any trouble. You can imagine their consternation when I informed them that six years before, in the same hospital, my appendix had been removed! Needless to say, I left the hospital with nothing better than purging medicine, which only made my headaches worse."

Duodenal ulcer is also a trouble which is supposedly cured by surgical interference, and the following case gives cause for thought in this connection: "Last winter a man whom I well know, and who had been suffering from an upset which he and his doctor thought was indigestion, consulted a specialist. The specialist verified the diagnosis of the general practitioner, and recommended an operation for duodenal ulcer. The patient thought that, as he had spent three guineas for the specialist's advice, he might as well spend another three; so he saw a second specialist, who agreed with the opinion of the others. The operation took place, and, not finding what they had anticipated, they ripped the man open—like paunching a rabbit, as his own

medical attendant described it later. The man has been unable to find out what they actually did, as the doctors refused all particulars. The sufferer came home unable to do anything without being encased in a strong binder, because the stomach-muscles had been severed in the operation. Now, after three or four months, he is to undergo a further operation, as adhesions have been diagnosed! This is a case of an entirely wrong diagnosis by three medical men, after protracted independent examinations, and was presumably dealt with by the regular hospital staff. But if he had only known of your system of treatment, and had given it a trial, how different would be his condition at the present time and his prospects for the future?"

"I am twenty-two years old," writes a man from Perth, "and have suffered from colitis for four years. I am an absolute invalid, too weak to walk. I have been in hospitals for months at a time, and my dysenteric condition has become chronic. I have even been to the stool more than twenty times in a night. I have had two blood transfusions, and most distressing washing-out treatment of the intestines. I pass blood with every motion, and my pain is awful. I have taken as much as thirty pints of milk in a week, but I get no better. I am forbidden fruit altogether, so what am I to do?" Or this, from the Midlands: "About six years ago I had an operation for duodenal ulcer; but I am not sure of its success. My stomach and heart are troubling me a lot, and at nearly sixty years of age I must take up some sensible treatment in earnest. By the

way, about two years ago my doctor said I had pyorrhœa in my gums, and twenty-six teeth were taken out at a sitting."

"When I was seventeen," writes one who is still quite young, "I suffered from indigestion, and for nine years took medicine for it. Then I had hæmorrhage, and was taken to the infirmary, where they said I had gastric ulcers. The same thing was said when I had to go again into hospital, and afterwards I was compelled to seek the hospital once more, with the same treatment all over again. Then it was said that I had duodenal ulcer, and here I am in bed, scarcely able to write this letter. My doctor ridicules the idea of any treatment by diet, but I am tired and weary of my present condition. On various occasions I have lost my employment because of my long ill health." Or what must even the lay mind think of the following cure for indigestion? "I have bile continually," writes a woman, not yet fifty years of age, "and it affects my kidneys, also causing pains through all my body. I am dreadful with indigestion and constipation, and have always been taking medicine and using enemas. A doctor says the only cure is to have the gall-bladder removed, but I don't feel like undergoing such an operation."

But how different are the following records of accomplishment through rational methods. "I want to thank you for your guidance in the treatment of duodenal ulcer, about which I appealed to you a few months ago; the results are marvellous, considering the serious condition I was in. Constipation has gone completely, and I have not had

so much energy for years; in fact, I am a different person. A wonderful change has been brought to my health, for I was at the last stage of despair, and had terrible pain day and night." And a woman writes: "My husband and I are deeply indebted to you for the help you have given us. What the doctors have been attempting to do for the past eighteen months you have accomplished in a month. He had colitis very badly, and constantly passed blood and mucus. For the past week he has seen practically no blood, and the mucus is much less—in fact, during some days it is entirely absent. The functioning is being restored in quite a remarkable manner, and he now walks regularly every day."

"I have recently come out of hospital," says a young miner, "and am already benefited by a few weeks' trial of your methods. In fact, I have felt quite vigorous during the past week. I underwent an operation for a perforated ulcer. Six months before I suffered from vomiting and intense internal pains. The doctor said it was duodenal ulcer, but afterwards put it down to biliousness. Shortly afterwards he gave me a strong mixture, and by the same night the ulcer burst. I soon found myself in a hospital bed, with ten stitches in my body and a draining-tube. There I lay for five weeks, and after a week's fasting I was fed on milk, and was even offered cabbage and meat pudding, which I declined. When I asked about fruit the sister said it was too early to have it yet. Your advice has enabled me to commence work again, and I feel that your treatment, methodically observed, will bring about a

perfect cure. I now take four dozen lemons and about the same number of oranges each week—indeed, I can drink lemon juice, undiluted, by the gill, and enjoy it. As I am informed that another operation is spoken of, I am naturally anxious to avoid it.”

“I am pleased to tell you,” writes a Welshman, “that your suggestions are being carried out faithfully by my daughter for consumption, and we are all delighted with the progress she is making. She was examined by our doctor yesterday, and he remarked how wonderfully clear the lungs are becoming. There is still, he says, a little at the base of the lung. He does not know of our treatment, as followed from your books, but I have made an appointment to see him and to give him a full description of it. He cannot condemn it, because he has admitted what he has failed to do himself. There is no doubt the wonderful value of the lemon juice is great, and its effect on her can be seen by neighbours, who remark how remarkably well she is looking. The stooping shoulders are now erect, the shortness of breath has vanished, the cough which used to rack her to pieces has gone, and the great accumulation of mucus has diminished so greatly as to cause her but very little trouble now. My idea always has been that if she could take a proper diet we should get to the bottom of the trouble. I have asked many doctors what could be the cause of the accumulation of phlegm, and what could prevent it, but as yet I have no answer to these questions. All they have said is that it is

chronic catarrh, brought on from repeated attacks of bronchitis. That is no news to me, because I am well aware of the fact.

“When my daughter had the earlier attacks we naturally carried out the doctor’s orders, as we were told to do, and as years went by and no signs were shown of her growing out of it we reasonably became alarmed at her state of health. We have got for her everything that has been advertised as good, we have given her everything as advised by our doctor and our friends, and yet we could see no return for our efforts and labour, only a gradually worse condition. Believe me, all that I have stated concerning you and your books has been a godsend to us, and both my wife and myself shall always feel grateful to you.”

“For two and a half years,” a woman writes, “I have acted on your instructions with regard to my daughter, and the benefits to her have been as you had promised. She has now no appearance whatever of any repetition of the ulcer for which an operation was advised. I have helped to spread your teaching to the utmost of my ability, and those who have listened to me have had cause for thankfulness.”

A woman in Vancouver had spent years in fruitless doctoring; she suffered from goitre, dropsy, and, as may be guessed, an affection of the heart. Drastic treatment was administered to her, including injections, until in despair she dismissed her attendants, when she began to mend; and this was the news I had from her devoted nurse within six

months: "You will be glad to learn that my sister is getting better; the dropsy is slowly but surely leaving her. She is able to get around again; this is truly wonderful, and it all seems like a miracle. We are so thankful." The change had come about without a show of scientific wizardry; indeed, it is a question whether she could have struggled much longer against such magic.

This, too, is an interesting episode, reported from Nyasaland: "Barely two months ago my life hung, as it were, on a hair; heart troubles were frequent, I had had three attacks of angina pectoris, and I never knew a day's freedom from pain, nor a night's rest because of cardiac asthma. My bedside table at night was covered with supposed aids—brandy, veronal, asthma-cures, heart-powders, etc., and I never dared to be without a light. Then the orange season started, and I came upon your book just at that time. I was at first too weak to peel the fruit myself, and took the juice from eight to twelve a day, in spite of my doctor's warning to go gently with them. In a few days I wanted to get up and dress. I now no longer crawl, as I had used to do; but I walk about, and I am free from arthritis and hæmorrhoids. My heart pains have gone, and I rarely get a sleepless night; and a few days ago I went for a five-mile walk, to my doctor's horror, which was partly accounted for, however, as lions are around us again. I am indeed thankful for your writings. My grandchild has also been cured of a tormenting irritation of the skin which prevented her from sleeping."

In this case we note how the sufferer progressed towards good health by indulging freely in the very thing of which she was warned to be careful, and to emphasize the anomaly let me quote from a Bristolian's letter: "For the past four years my daughter has been struggling with illness, after a bad attack of influenza, as well as to the fact that she became very anæmic a year ago after an operation for adenoids and the removal of the tonsils, when she had great loss of blood. Seeing her condition, a friend told me of your books and the wonders of the orange and lemon cure, upon which I gave my daughter the juice of six oranges a day, with wonderful results. After a week she fairly tingled with returning vitality, and all our friends were soon remarking on the change. We threw her medicine away, and stopped all other help."

But now we must return to gloom for a moment, in order to illustrate the moral of this little book. "I am asking you," writes a woman from Leeds, "how I may hope for something better to live for. I have been ill and under doctor's treatment for nearly a year, in bed most of the time; it is heart trouble. Drugs don't relieve me, and I have no faith in them; one kind the specialist said would be life to me, but it made me so bad I had to give it up—it was digitalis. The doctors say I must reconcile myself to be an invalid for the remainder of my days." This sad prophecy was certainly to be fulfilled for the poor soul—while she was dosed with digitalis.

"What can you recommend for sleeplessness?"

pleads another bewildered creature. "I have been doctoring now for the last seven months for nerves and insomnia, and unless I take either medicine or a tablet every night I get little or no sleep."

She will get another sort of tablet—one to her memory—unless she is rescued from the fate which follows drugging. Nor does she get sleep, as she imagines; it is unconsciousness—quite another thing. When poison is stolen from a doctor's car are not both the press and the wireless concerned as to the awful possibilities of the stuff having fallen into unauthorized hands? But is it less poisonous in the hands of those who are legally permitted to use it at their own discretion? Some day we may come to an answer to the conundrum.

Now let us, for relief, turn to a few instances from which a brighter hope of the future is to be derived—instances in which nature proves transcendent to all the drugs that can ever be concocted.

A letter from Barry states: "My boy had his first illness in April, in the form of measles, which was frightfully prevalent at the time. Fortunately, the school authorities here do not insist on a medical certificate, but require only that the child must be kept away from school for three weeks, so I was free to look after him in my own way. I scored a great success without any medicine, and, although the weather was then very cold, he made a wonderful recovery on fruit juices alone while the trouble lasted. He was but one week in bed, and the accompanying measles-cough left him within a week; I bought a pineapple for the purpose, as you

had advised. He had no after-effects or complications, and apart from the fever had no other discomforts, no aches nor pains. I wasn't a bit anxious about him, as I felt it would be a cure; and so it proved."

An Ilford woman testifies: "For a long time I have wanted to tell you of the great improvement in my health—a continuous state, moreover—so that I am better than I have been for years. One of your books was given to me by a nurse, whose sister had sent it to her, thinking it might be of use in tending the sick. Sad to relate, the sister herself ignored your advice, and died from cancer of the throat a year or two ago. Since I was in my teens I had always been troubled with constipation, and consequently was always bad with some complaint or other. The doctor said it was dyspepsia, and latterly I had got into a terrible condition, in spite of all kinds of medicine and the nightly habit of taking aperients. Sometimes I had no sleep for three nights at a stretch, my complexion was tinted green, as it were, and my friends concluded I was suffering from cancer. This opinion they expressed freely among themselves, and I quietly thought the same, from the symptoms and my feelings. So the nurse I have mentioned put your book in my hands, saying she knew I was bad and would try anything. And I did, with the good results stated.

"From time to time I was examined, when the doctor would say he found nothing at present. The most he advised was some home-remedy to ease the pain. How my confidence in doctoring has been

shaken! I followed your instructions, feeling worse in some respects at first, and a relative said that in a fortnight I should be in the cemetery; but I was not to be turned from my resolve, and my system was cleansed, gradually, but surely. I am over sixty years of age, and it was nearly six years ago when help came to me, for which every day I give most earnest thanks."

And here is an instance of fidelity to a right purpose, with its reward: "My husband and I will always feel thankful for having seen your books. It is true, as you told me some years ago, that only by sheer persistence can one expect to reach the coveted goal.

"Before I wrote to you my health had been gradually getting worse. I had internal pains, especially after any extra exertion. I had difficulty in digesting food, I slept badly, and, in fact, felt very frail and failing. I had been told there was pelvic trouble, and also a fibroid growth. Then I consulted a specialist who is considered particularly clever in these disorders. He said there was danger of peritonitis, and it might be very serious. I carried out his instructions, but I felt little difference. At Whitsuntide a friend brought me one of your books, saying how he himself was benefiting by its teaching. So we purchased oranges and lemons right away, and steadily followed your directions.

"By September I was improving in a most marked manner. I felt ever so much brighter and stronger. During this time I noticed a lot of web-like substance constantly coming away with evacuations. Then

quite a peculiar dull ache began to work down my right arm. The sensation was not at all severe, but enough to make me aware of it. Then a tiny swelling began to form just at the base of two fingers on the inside of my hand. This swelling grew gradually larger—in fact, it felt exactly like a hard bone. When calling on a friend at Christmas she was so concerned that she felt sure a bone in the hand had gone out of place, and promised to get the address of a well-known bone-specialist for me. However, I did not see anyone about it, feeling somehow that all would work out rightly. By the beginning of March a strange irritation began in this hand, and tiny pimples broke out all over it. This increased, and my hand steadily swelled. Then it broke out into a terrible state. I had written to you before it got so bad, and I was following your advice strictly. Somehow, too, I did not feel the least anxious, having been encouraged by your letter. However, it was so bad that sleep was almost impossible; yet I felt the reviving effects of lemon juice and the poulticing.

“One evening a friend called, and was so alarmed that she wanted to telephone for a doctor; and my husband also began to get anxious, and wished me to let a doctor see it. I consented, although I felt quite confident that all was going on as it should. No doubt it was then at the height of its severity. The doctor said it was seriously bad, and that he ought to have seen it earlier. But he also remarked that my general health was good. And this was true, for I felt brighter and stronger than for years

past, in spite of my hand. I continued the hot-water fomentations and poultices, and before long it began to slowly mend. For months it was weak, of course. The doctor said I had poisoned it somehow, yet showed no idea of the cause being the poisoning of my whole system through years of ignorant dieting.

“But what appeared so remarkable to me was, first, the gradual slight pain down the arm, then the bone-like formation in my hand, the swelling, the pain, and the whole development of the trouble, and then how the bone-like swelling slowly dwindled away; and, strangest of all, the fact that, in spite of my terrible condition and the slow but sure approach to it, I had an inexplicable feeling of well-being within myself. I doubt whether my story could be believed by anyone; yet all I relate is perfectly true, as my husband and my friend know full well. I must acknowledge my gratitude to the higher power which brought me through my suffering.”

By all the symptoms described the sufferer should have mistrusted nature, or blamed lemons, or anything else would have done, in the search for a scapegoat. Such a case as this is common to my experience, although the same power to cast out putrefaction is revealed through many differences of sign and degree. Sometimes the nails are shed, and pus is exuded through the finger-ends. But nature's plan is thorough: the body must be rid of dangerous waste matter, and to effect this riddance infinite patience and unflinching courage are required. Unfortunately, it is the rule to expect within a week

or so the cure of disorders which may have been encouraged for a lifetime. Nature is sure, but will not be forced, and those who would test this truth must be prepared to endure, and to watch for the glad issue in the manner of this brave woman.

As to cancer, its surgical treatment adds tragedy to tragedy. "About four years ago," a woman writes, "my mother had a small lump in her right breast, and prior to this she had swellings in her neck, and we thought little of the matter. Then the breast swelled badly, and my mother was sent at once to hospital, where her breast was taken off, and she had about forty stitches. We thought she was going on well after the operation, but a month ago a small lump broke out on the spot of the old wound, which never dried up completely. She also had pains in the shoulder and down her arm to the stomach. She got sick and light-headed, and then the doctor wanted her to go again to hospital, for violet-ray treatment this time. He gives her no more than a month to live, and, as she is now, we are at our wits' end to know what to do. Her lungs seem also to be affected. Mother is only forty-four years old. A friend of ours says that her own mother cured herself of cancer by dieting, and wouldn't have the knife near it."

"My father," writes another woman, "has not been well for some time with what he thought was hæmorrhoids. He has been examined lately, and

the surgeon advises an immediate operation on the bowels. My father has had a previous operation for duodenal ulcer." Or again: "I have a cancer in my left side. My bosom was taken away last year, and I thought I would be cured; but the trouble has recurred, and I am in constant agony. My left arm is swollen to a tremendous size, and swellings extend to my eye." Or: "A very dear friend of mine is ordered an operation for internal cancer. She was always constipated, so I have lately given her a fruit dietary, and within a week she ceased taking laxatives, and is already much comforted and eased." Or: "A friend has lent me a few of your books, which interest me greatly, because many years ago I was ordered an operation for a large malignant growth; I refused to submit to surgery, and was eventually cured by lemon-juice compresses." Or: "A relative is staying with me; she has cancer on the breast, and for the past six weeks has followed the directions in your books. The cancer now discharges very slightly, whereas formerly it was copious, and now there is no odour from the wound." Or: "A relation had her breast removed two years ago, and last year further growths were cut away, and now more growths are appearing." Or: "The doctor said the pain was caused by inflammation in my left breast; he feared a tumour, and said that in a week he would return with his partner. During the interval I followed your diet directions, and applied diluted lemon juice to my breast. When the two partners called they said the pain had gone, but one of them pressed my

nipple quite flat, the effects of which I have felt ever since ; and, though their verdict was that I had neither cancer nor tumour, nevertheless they advised me to have my breast taken off as a prevention."

As a prevention—did ever one contemplate the like, as a measure of utter futility ? By the thousand and one chances of ills to which our flesh is heir, might we not all be dismembered on the plea of the same precaution ? Think rather, and think deeply, of the following instance, by which such horrible counsel is exposed in its absolute hopelessness.

A woman consulted her doctor with regard to an abscess on the breast. He proposed not to cut it out at once, for he was going on a holiday. During his absence she treated the abscess with fruit-poultices and observed strict simplicity in feeding. The doctor duly returned, prepared to perform the operation ; but in the interval the abscess had broken and had gone down. "He was amazed," the woman wrote, "to see what a thorough clearance had been made of my trouble, for he knew what a terrible abscess I had. That the change had been brought about without any surgical treatment took him completely back, and when I explained my application of lemon-pulp to the discharging wound he was astounded. He now comes to see me as a friend, and watches my progress with undiminished astonishment. Yet, had it not been for you, I should have suffered surgical treatment at his hands."

But here are cases of tragical contrast, where conventional methods are proposed and resorted to. "I am forty years of age," writes a woman in dread,

“and twelve months ago I found my right breast was swollen and the nipple bleeding. On the advice of two doctors the breast was removed. Then, six months afterwards, my left breast swelled; I consulted two other doctors, one of whom advised me to wait three months, and the other three weeks, to see how the case progressed, though in any event they suggest the removal of the swelling, if not the whole breast. I realize now how I have abused my stomach in the past; and I have always been constipated. I live alone, but the thoughts of another operation are dreadful, and it would kill my mother.” Or this: “I have been attending doctors for four years with pains in the chest, which they said was indigestion and nothing more, but it turned out to be cancer; my left breast was amputated, and now the trouble has reappeared. I was surprised at the diet I had when I was in the hospital.” Or this: “The swelling in my arm will not subside, and nodules have spread all along the scar of the operation; they have burst, and are discharging. My side is swollen, and the glands of my neck are affected. How I long to be well, and to return to my business!” Or: “I had an operation for gland trouble a year ago, when a malignant growth was discovered. In a London hospital radium treatment was given, and I am still suffering badly from the burning. I cannot get any definite information as to whether the treatment was successful or not. I want to get well for the sake of my three girls, whose father was killed in France during the great war.” Or: “I visit a boy of twelve years, suffering from cancer,

and who has now been given up as a hopeless case. He is now having nothing but fruit juice, under my directions, and the way he is improving is wonderful. But I am made very downhearted to think that they amputated his leg a year ago, when he had been only a month under their hands. It is difficult to understand how parents give their consent to such needless mutilation, but this poor boy's mother could not contend with doctors, though now the light is dawning upon her." Or: "It is four and a-half years since my right breast and the glands of the arm were removed; three months ago recurrences were revealed, and the doctor now says he can do nothing more. For the past few weeks, therefore, I have relied on your methods, and already I sleep much better and have less pain." Or: "My mother has been treated by radium for cancer of the breast, but the condition remains in the blood, and doctors and specialists now abandon any hope of her recovery."

Or listen to this agonized appeal, so piteous in its despair: "Too late to save myself from an operation, against which I fought for ten months, giving in only at last when the doctors pictured terrors for me, I bought your book yesterday. It was the taking away of a small egg-shaped lump in my right breast—they said a very simple operation. Alas! one month after, when I forced myself to look, lo, a long scar—ten inches long—and almost all my breast gone! Cruel, cruel; and since then, two years ago in May, I have hardly ever been out of pain, across the chest, down the arm, and under

the arm-pit. Oh, the terror and the fear since then ; the dreadful nights and days of pain, and the stiffness of the muscles through the deep incisions ! Oh, dear sir, tell me how to live ! ”

What a heartrending cry ; who can remain unmoved by its piercing agony ? Yet this terrible insight into a form of treatment with which medical practice is evidently satisfied, this appalling picture of torment endured without avail, this travesty of all that is humane and serviceable, is one for the maintenance of which the public are asked to subscribe unceasingly. Will the community give no thought to what it does by supporting such desolating labour ?

Now let us see where hope may be revived, even after its abandonment. A man writes : “ I took my wife to London, but the surgeon said her case was too serious for an operation. I have adopted your ideas, and she has had exceedingly good nights, and her spirits are very much improved. I am thankful to have read your book, and that the operation did not take place.” And here : “ You will be interested to know that I have been nursing a patient with cancer for seven months. During that time she has taken your treatment, and I can safely say is practically well. I am a trained nurse, and would like to run a rest-home in which I could carry out your simple methods, and at the same time teach people how to feed in their own homes.”

Here also : “ My wife’s mother suffered from inflammation of the bladder for fifteen years,” writes a Newcastle man. “ A local doctor made up bottles

of medicine for her, and on being questioned by my wife he admitted that the physic would only give relief. He also said the illness would have serious consequences. Eventually the agony got terrible, and very little food could be taken; and then at last came the report that the sufferer had cancer. My wife broke down and cried bitterly. Then I thought of a book of yours which I had in the house. My wife read it, and we made up our minds to stay with her mother, and to put your teaching to a practical test. It was a trying and anxious time, but perseverance and courage saw the pallor of death gradually pass away and colour and vitality restored. We had no doctor, and yet neighbours say the patient has obtained a new lease of life. She is over seventy years of age, and I am justified in describing her recovery as splendid. She was fed on fruit, and was rubbed with your liniment, which you state to be also a food, and occasionally had the small rectal injections to allay the bladder inflammation."

And give this case your careful thought. Three years ago a woman in London consulted her doctor with regard to a swelling on her breast. The trouble was plainly diagnosed as cancer, and it was advised that after a short term of observation the breast should be removed. Horrified by the verdict, she appealed to me, and I warned her to take serious advantage of the respite by adopting a strictly simple dietary. My advice was heeded, and in due course she was re-examined, the result of which may be told in her own words. "I feel I must express my deep gratitude to you; I kept the appointment with

my doctor, and he now says there is no cause for me to worry, although before he suggested an operation to remove my breast for cancer. I put myself on the instructions contained in your book, and I cannot tell you how deeply grateful I am to you."

Three years passed, when I received this cheering intimation: "You will be pleased to hear I am in very good health, and owe it to you through reading your books. Knowing your opinion on operations, I refused to have one for what the surgeon thought was cancer; it frightened me, and I followed your cure. My sister and I now take the outline of your diet for people in health, and I have not had a doctor since then. I should certainly be minus a breast, or be dead, if I had not known of your books."

Accompanying her letter was an enclosure, which read: "As long as I live I shall be deeply grateful to you as regards my sister. I shall never forget the agony of mind when she told me the doctor's verdict. She is quite fit and well now, only very thin; but we are a lean family, and I suppose there is nothing radically wrong. Thank you again and again for your valuable help for my sister. We both go by your books, and are keeping well and happy."

How shall this case be judged in the light of reason? The surgeon pronounced it to be cancer, and would have treated it in his manner as for cancer—of that there can be no doubt. When he saw that the swelling had dispersed did he protest that his diagnosis had been wrong? Or suppose he protested, would it alter the fact of his intention to

operate, in spite of what would have proved to be a terrible error? Violence was to have been his method—the method of blind immovable convention—and, as these pages show, the fruits of violence are failure and despair.

An overpowering reflection haunts me: How many thousands of women have suffered the torment promised in the case I cite; how many have gone to the grave not knowing the means of mercy, or dissuaded from the hope of help, and how many are at this moment drawing to their end as sacrifices at a needless altar? The title of this book is justified—there is too much doctoring, in the measure by which it can be dispensed with. This truth is to be borne into the future, when the world will seek the source of health in nature's immeasurable bounty.

Now I have come to the limits of this small work, though I possess ample material for further volumes on its theme. To spread knowledge by training the people in the care of their own bodies, to diminish suffering, to save life, and thus to add to the sum of human happiness—can honest judgment point to a flaw in this wide service, or professionalism conscientiously oppose it? It is time for understanding to be instilled in the public mind as to the claims of lay labour in the cause of health—claims such as the State has yet to recognize, and for which the community will duly demand full justice.

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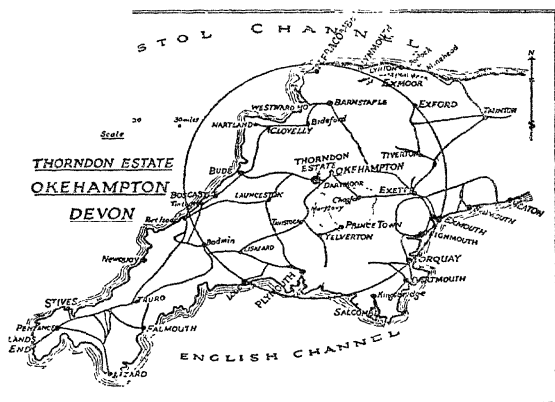
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